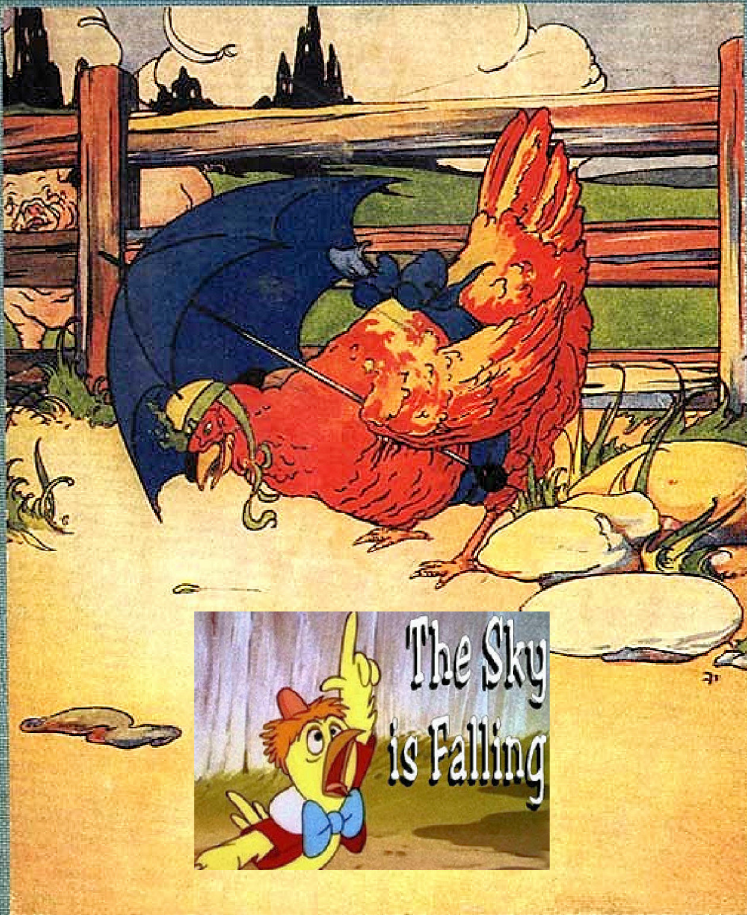


# *The* LITTLE RED HEN *and* OTHER STORIES



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## LITTLE RED HEN MEETS CHICKEN LITTLE

“Well now boys,” said the old cowpuncher, “Gather ‘round Cookie’s campfire and let me tell Y’all the true story of two chickens and how they survived a wily fox.”

Once upon a time in the Golden West, there lived a cowboy. Actually, it wasn’t in the Golden West at all. It was in southeast Texas, thirty miles north of Houston, in a neighborhood named Kingwood. And this gunslinging cowpoke who had a ranch there was known as the **Kingwood Kowboy**.



The homeowners’ association had forced him to sell his ranch in **Kings Point** and he moved to **Hunters’ Ridge** where he built a barn and a chicken pen. He also had a fat cat, a fat pig and a fat rat.

Once upon a time in the Golden West...Nope! It was about the same time in Kingwood that there lived a **Little Red Hen** in the chicken pen built by the **Kingwood Kowboy**.

Some folks called her **Henny Penny** but she despised that name since she was a full-grown chicken with a brood of biddies (that's little chicks, chickies, hatchlings...whatever!) Now, the **Little Red Hen**, aka **Henny Penny**, dearly loved fat, delicious worms and felt they were absolutely necessary to the health of her biddies. When they were gathered about her, she would call "chuck-chuck-chuck" and distribute choice morsels of her tidbits. A busy little body was she! The biddies gobbled those worms down like Cookie's backstrap sausages.



Once upon a time in the Golden West...Nope!, you guessed it – in Kingwood Texas, there lived another chicken. He was called **Chicken Little** due to his small stature (boys, that means he

was a short-legged bird and not tall at all. Definitely not a natural-born Texan.) He was a really dim-witted bird-brain bird who jumped the gun on defining anything unusual.





Now, one day the **Kingwood Kowboy** was practicing target-shooting (which had got him kicked out of **Kings Point**). With his left hand, he tossed up an empty can of **Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup**. With his trigger-finger hand (boys, he was right-handed), he blasted that can through both sides and the bullet went sky-high. When it came down it hit **Chicken Little** square on the noggin. **Chicken Little** said "AWK!" and looked up, and didn't see anything, and he looked down and didn't see anything. So, he said "Help, help the sky is falling! Help, help the sky is falling! I have to tell the King!" (the **Kingwood Kowboy**, that is).

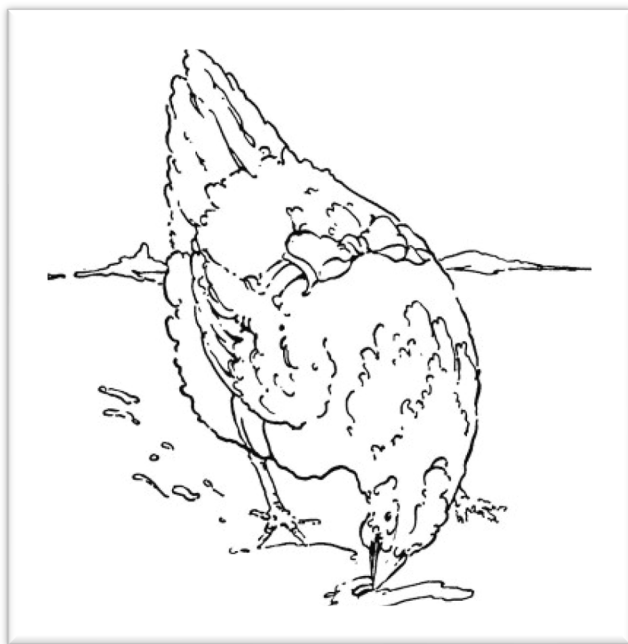
Now boys, back to the **Little Red Hen**, aka **Henny Penny**. A fat cat usually took a lazy cat-nap at the barn door, not even bothering herself to scare the fat rat who ran here and there as he pleased. And as for the fat pig who lived in the pigsty, he did not care what happened so long as he could eat and grow fatter.





One day the lazy cat and the fat pig saw **Chicken Little** running down the road, looking for the **Kingwood Kowboy**. As Chicken Little was running he met **Henny Penny**. And Henny Penny said, "Buk Buk Buk BUK! Hello Chicken Little. What's wrong with you?" And Chicken Little said, "Oh Henny Penny! Haven't you heard? The sky is falling! I'm looking for the Kingwood Kowboy." And Henny Penny said, "Oh my, how exciting. Buk buk buk BUK! Can I go too?" And they both went down the road together, shouting "Help, help the sky is falling! Help, help the sky is falling! We have to tell the Kingwood Kowboy!"

As they were running down the road, Henny Penny saw a seed. It was a **wheat seed**, but Henny Penny was so accustomed to bugs and worms that she supposed this to be some new and perhaps very delicious kind of meat. She bit it gently and found that it resembled a worm in no way whatsoever as to taste, although, because it was long and slender, that seed could fool any chicken, even a Little Red Hen.







Meanwhile, the gunslinging **Kingwood Kowboy's** target shooting using empty cans of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup, Hormel Turkey Spam and Progresso Goose Dumplings had scared away **Goosey Loosey** and **Turkey Lurkey** from the chicken pen. Guess they did not want to get canned too!



While **Henny Penny** was getting that wheat seed, **Chicken Little** met **Goosey Loosey** who said. “Honk! Honk! Hello Chicken Little. What’s wrong with you?” “Oh, Goosey Loosey, haven’t you heard? The sky is falling! We have to tell the Kingwood Kowboy!” “Honk Honk! That’s terrible,” said Goosey Loosey. “He scared me out of the chicken pen with his target shooting. But, I’ll be glad to go with you.” And they all went down the road together shouting “Help, help the sky is falling! Help, help the sky is falling! We have to tell the Kingwood Kowboy!”

Now, the **Little Red Hen**, aka **Henny Penny**, made many inquiries as to what the seed might be. She found it was a wheat seed and that, if planted, it would grow up and when ripe it could be made into flour and then into bread.

When she discovered that, she knew it ought to be planted.

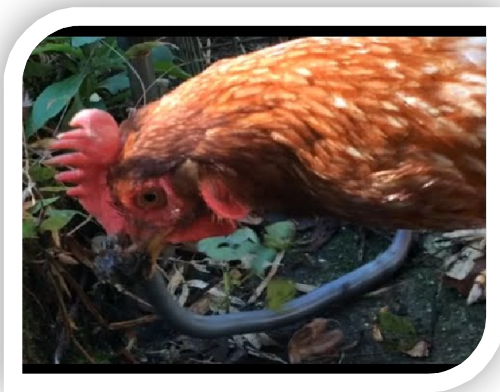


So she thought of the fat **Pig**, upon whom time must hang heavily, and of the fat **Cat** who had nothing to do, and of the great fat **Rat** with his idle hours, and she called loudly: “Who will plant the seed?” But the Pig said, “Not I,” and the Cat said, “Not I,” and the Rat said, “Not I.” “Well, then,” said the Little Red Hen, “I will.” And she did.

Meanwhile, along the road, **Chicken Little** met **Turkey Lurkey**. And Turkey Lurkey said “Gobble gobble gobble! Hello Chicken Little, Hello **Goosey Loosey**. Chicken Little, what in the world is wrong with you?” “Oh, Turkey Lurkey. Haven’t you heard? The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We’re looking for the Kingwood Kowboy!” “Gobble gobble gobble! Oh that’s terrible! Can I go too?” And they all went down the road saying “Help, help the sky is falling! Help, help the sky is falling! We have to tell the Kingwood Kowboy!”

Since Henny Penny got sidetracked by the wheat seed and didn’t follow Chicken Little, Goosey Loosey and Turkey Lurkey, she went on with her daily duties scratching for worms

and feeding her biddies, while the Pig grew fat, and the Cat grew fat, and the Rat grew fat, and the wheat grew tall and ready for harvest.



So, one day Henny Penny, aka the Little Red Hen, chanced to notice how large the wheat was and that the grain was ripe, so she ran about calling briskly: “Who will cut the wheat?” The Pig said, “Not I,” the Cat said, “Not I,” and the Rat said, “Not I.” “Well, then,” said the Little Red Hen, “I will.” And she did.



She got the sickle from among the **Kingwood Kowboy's** tools in the barn and proceeded to cut off all of the big heads of wheat. On the ground lay the nicely cut wheat, ready to be gathered and threshed. But the newest and yellowest and downiest of **Henny Penny's** chicks set up a "peep-peep-peeping" in their most vigorous fashion, proclaiming to the world at large, but most particularly to their mother, that she was neglecting them.

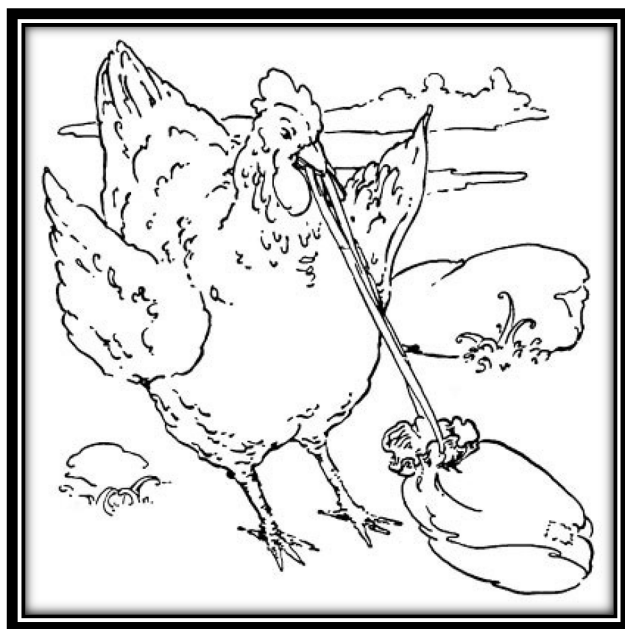
Poor **Little Red Hen!** She felt quite bewildered and hardly knew where to turn. Her attention was sorely divided between her duty to her children and her duty to the wheat, for which she felt responsible. So, again, in a very hopeful tone, she called out, "Who will thresh the wheat?" But the **Pig**, with a grunt, said, "Not I," and the **Cat**, with a meow, said, "Not I," and the **Rat**, with a squeak, said, "Not I." So Henny Penny (the Little Red Hen) said, "Well, I will, then." And she did.

Of course, she had to feed her biddies first, and when she had gotten them all to sleep for their afternoon nap, she went out and threshed the wheat. Then she called out: "Who will carry the Wheat to the mill to be ground?" Turning their backs with snippy glee, the **Pig** said, "Not I," and the **Cat** said, "Not I," and the **Rat** said, "Not I." So the good **Little Red Hen** could do nothing but say, "I will then." And she did.

Now, as **Chicken Little, Goosey Loosey and Turkey Lurkey** went down the road, they met **Foxy Loxey**. And Foxy Loxey said, "Hello, Chicken Little, Hello Goosey Loosey. Hello Turkey Lurkey. What in the world is wrong with you, Chicken Little?" And he told him, "Oh, Foxy Loxey, haven't you heard? The sky is falling! We have to tell the **Kingwood Kowboy!**" Foxy Loxey had heard about the Kingwood Kowboy and how fast he was with his trigger-finger gun. But he was a fox after all and so wasn't really worried. He knew he could out-fox the gunslinging Kowboy.



Meanwhile, carrying the sack of wheat, Henny Penny trudged off to the distant grist mill. There she ordered the wheat ground into beautiful white flour. When the miller brought her the flour, she walked slowly back all the way to her own barnyard chicken pen in her own picketty-pecketty fashion.





She even managed, in spite of her load, to catch a nice juicy worm now and then and had one left for the biddies when she reached them. Those cunning little fluff-balls were so glad to see their mother. For the first time, they really appreciated her hard work for them.



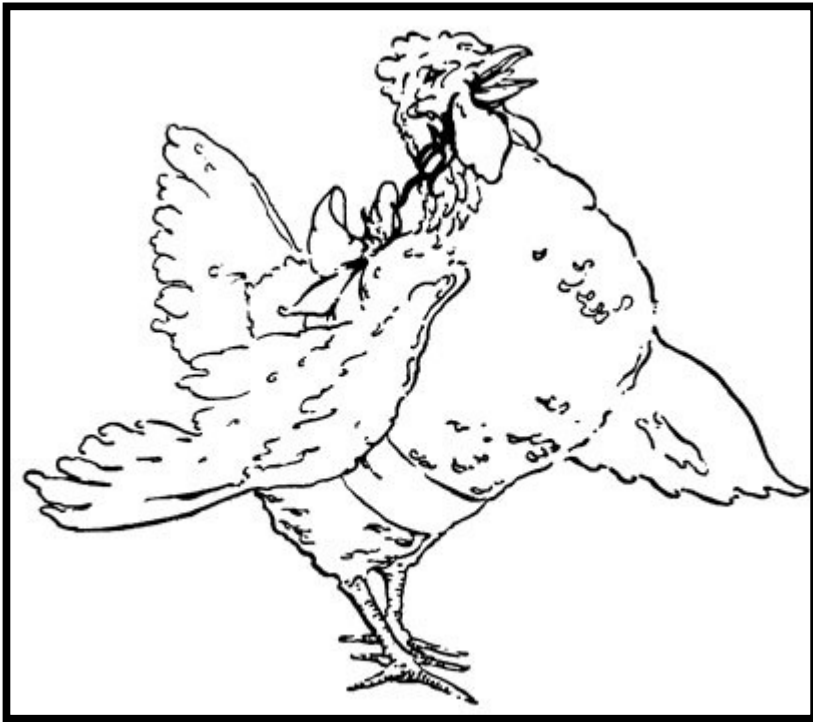
After this really strenuous day Mrs. **Henny Penny** retired to her roost earlier than usual, indeed, before the colors came into the sky to herald the setting of the sun, her usual bedtime hour. She would have

liked to sleep late in the morning, but her biddies, joining in the next morning's chorus of the chicken yard, drove away all hopes of such a luxury.

Even as she sleepily half opened one eye, the thought came to her that today the wheat must, somehow, be made into bread. She was not in the habit of making bread, although of course, anyone can make it if he or she follows the recipe with care, just like the **Kingwood Kowboy** knew how to make delicious sourdough biscuits, which he had learned from Cookie at the chuckwagon. Henny Penny knew perfectly well that she could do it if necessary.



So after her biddies were fed and made sweet and fresh for the day, she hunted up the **Pig**, the **Cat** and the **Rat**. Still confident that they would surely help her some day she sang out, "Who will make the bread?" Alas for Henny Penny, the Little Red Hen! Once more her hopes were dashed! For the Pig said, "Not I," the Cat said, "Not I," and the Rat said, "Not I." So the Little Red Hen said once more, "I will then," and she did.



Okay boys, back to the dim-witted birds! "Nothing easier," said **Foxy Loxey**. "He's (the King) back there in my den. But the King doesn't like to feel crowded, so I'd better bring you in one by one. Now, who wants to go first?" Everybody wanted to be first to see the **Kingwood Kowboy**. But the **Turkey** was the

biggest. "Gobble gobble gobble. Me first! I want to see the King!" and he pushed everybody else away.

"Come with me," said **Foxy Loxey**, and they went into the fox den together. Then there was heard a lot of squawking down there, and some turkey feathers came flying out, and the fox called out - "NEXT."

While all that excitement was going on down the road, **Henny Penny**, feeling that she might have known all the time that she would have to do it all herself, went and put on a fresh apron and spotless cook's cap, not like Cookie's dirty Stetson. First of all she set out the dough to rise, as was proper. When it was time she brought out the moulding board and the baking tins, moulded the bread, divided it into loaves, and put them into the oven to bake.



All the while the fat **Cat** sat lazily by, giggling and purring.  
And close at hand the vain **Rat** powdered his nose and  
admired himself in a mirror. In the distance could be heard  
the long-drawn snores of the fat dozing **Pig**.

While the bread was baking, **Henny Penny**, the fat cat, the  
fat pig and the fat rat went down the road where **Chicken  
Little** was, to see what all the fuss was about. “Honk Honk.  
Me! I want to go! Me” said **Goosey Loosey**, and she pushed  
her way in **Foxy Loxey’s** den . More squawking, more  
feathers, and the fox said “NEXT!” In went the fat cat, the fat  
pig and the fat rat. A loud MEOW! SQUEAL! SQUEAK! came  
from Foxy Loxey’s den and he said NEXT!

Just at that time, **Henny Penny** remembered the bread was  
baking in the oven. She and **Chicken Little** ran back to the  
chicken pen as fast as their chicken legs could carry them.  
When they got there, the **Kingwood Kowboy** had already  
taken one golden brown loaf out of the oven and was eating  
that first loaf. He said to Henny Penny, “Now, this here wheat  
bread is almost as delicious as my own sourdough biscuits.  
Good job Henny Penny, as he chomped another bite.”



Then he tossed up another empty can of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup and blasted that can through both sides. The bullet went sky-high and when it fell back down, it hit Chicken Little square on the noggin (again!). Chicken Little looked up but saw nothing. Then he said, "I ain't fallin' for that again!" And I ain't gonna tell the Kingwood Kowboy that the sky's falling again either.



Then **Chicken Little** and the **Little Red Hen**, aka **Henny Penny**, with her biddies lived happily in the Kingwood Kowboy's chicken pen in **Hunters' Ridge** for the rest of their lives.

Well boys, that's the true story of two chickens. As for **Foxy Loxey**, that son-of-a-gun outfoxed me. He moved over to Kings Point and dug a new den where I couldn't get to him. That homeowners' association said they'd hang me if I ever showed up in their neighborhood again. Hey Cookie! You done with those campfire chicken drums yet? I'm hungry!



























### About the Author

**Larry W Jones is a songwriter, having penned over 7,700 song lyrics. Published in 22 volumes of island themed, country, cowboy, western and bluegrass songs. The entire assemblage is the world's largest collection of lyrics written by an individual songwriter.**

**As a wrangler on the “Great American Horse Drive”, at age 68, he assisted in driving 800 half-wild horses 62 miles in two days, from Winter pasture grounds in far NW Colorado to the Big Gulch Ranch outside of Craig Colorado.**

**His book, “The Oldest Greenhorn”, chronicles the adventures and perils in earning the “Gate-to-Gate” trophy belt buckle the hard way.**





**Other short story books by Larry W Jones:**

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**Chief Gall – The Strategist**  
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